

## Gotham Notes

The Hon. Elihu Root, in his speech the other day notifying the Hon. C. W. Fairbanks of his nomination adverted to the fact in delicate phrase that his democratic opponent Mr. Henry Gasaway Davis was living on borrowed time, and intimated that the old gentleman might not be equal to the demands upon him should he be elected, and succeed to the upper office. He also alluded to the fact that the venerable democratic candidate would soon pass the age limit, one hundred, in which event some other democrat—probably Dave Hill might find himself Vice-President, or Ben Tillman, or Governor Vardmann, the executive blackguard of Mississippi, and then there would be the deuce to pay. The Constitution would in all likelihood be repealed with the fifteenth amendment smashed into smithereens, the colored citizen deported to Africa or the Philippines, or some other congenial clime, and the white man would have this beautiful country all to himself.

Mr. Davis was nominated, no doubt, because there was no other democrat willing to take the long and lonely journey up Salt river, which is scheduled for him and his accomplice, Judge Parker, early in November. Perhaps if he had been a younger man he would have balked just as younger men did, and refused the empty honor thrust upon him so suddenly. But being only a few years removed from the century mark, he doubtless concluded that he could stand the mortification of defeat with better grace than a younger man, so he cheerfully consented to allow his party to lead him as a sheep to the slaughter, conscious that the executioner will do his duty. He will!

Mr. Root further said in his speech to Senator Fairbanks, "We gave you formal notice of your nomination. . . . It was not made for the purpose of conciliating possible malcontents or of swelling the campaign fund of the party. No bargains or intrigues contributed to it. No suppression of the truth or misleading of the convention as to your principles or opinions were necessary."

And then Mr. Root sat down and fanned himself.

Did he mean to insinuate that the contrary is true in respect of nomination of Parker and Davis? What on earth did he mean in saying: "No suppression of the truth or misleading of the convention as to your principles or opinions were necessary to bring it about? Does the honorable gentleman wish to have the public understand that because Judge Parker sent a telegram to the St. Louis Convention defining his views on the money question, that he suppressed the truth? and misled the delegates most of whom believed that up to that moment he was all right? and does Mr. Root imagine that Judge Parker would have been so indiscreet as to have sent that telegram to the convention when it was in session? What did the majority of those delegates know or care about the Gold Standard anyhow? To have sent that telegram to the con-

vention proper would have been like "casting pearl before swine, and that which is holy to the dogs. It would not have appreciated such a masterly stroke at first hand, and this is proved by the wild and demoniacal outbursts which greeted its reception in the dying hours of the convention, when all hope of retaliating upon the candidate had vanished. Judge Parker wisely communicated his views to the Statesmen in that convention, and they in turn delivered it in broken doses to the fellows who think they are statesmen. Ben Tillman tried to stand on his head and spit backward when he heard the news, and when he recovered his voice, said, what everybody on earth knows to be true that "The democratic party can always be depended upon to make a — fool of itself at the crucial moment," and then he collapsed. The courtly Senator Daniel was so overcome that he had to be taken to a Sanitarium. Willie Hearst's bangs became disarranged in the excitement of the moment, and his rooters conscious that the psychological moment had arrived proclaimed him the man of destiny, the logical candidate, the savior of his party, etc. Meanwhile Mr. William J. Bryan was resting his lungs in his room at his hotel and reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, he laid aside his Bible for a moment and diving into his pocket extracted a package of letters, picking out one of them he read: "My dear Danforth.—It was entirely right of you to bring to my attention the question which the sincere friends of Mr. Bryan are pressing upon you. I can say to you frankly and sincerely that you can assure them that I voted for the last national nominees, of the democratic party, as I have voted for all of the regular democratic nominees since I had a vote.

"Yours truly,  
"Alton B. Parker."  
"Sept. 22, 1897."

Mr. Bryan smiled as he replaced the letter, and resumed his reading. Then he turned to the story of Judas, who betrayed our Lord for thirty pieces of silver. When he had finished it friends interrupted him to say that Judge Parker had revered himself and was bowing to the Golden Calf, that he was no longer in favor of free silver if he ever was, but had surrendered unconditionally to Wall Street. Mr. Bryan pulled out the letter to "My Dear Danforth" scanned it hastily put it back into his pocket and got real sick.

"The jig is up" he muttered to himself in a stage whisper, "there is yet work for me to do, I must do the huckleberries who are doing me.

It will be remembered that in the two Bryan campaigns the Gold democrats styled themselves "regulars," so that Judge Parker's statement that he voted with the regulars is correct.

Our old friend G. Grant Williams, one of the handsomest men in the press gang, has been selected by the National Committee to do campaign work in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, this fall. Williams is a hustler and worthily deserves the honors which have come to him.

Editor Post, of Chicago, takes a most

## "PE-RU-NA SAVED MY LIFE,"

Writes Mrs. W. McRoberts.



"I Do All My Housework and Take Care of My Baby and I Feel So Good."

## A YOUNG MOTHER'S LETTER.

Mrs. W. McRoberts, writes to Dr. Hartman from Delano, Miss., the following:

Delano, Miss.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio: Dear Sir:—"I feel perfectly well of catarrh. I did as you directed me to and took Peruna and Manalin. The third of March I gave birth to a ten pound baby girl and we are both well and happy. I am very thankful to you and Peruna saved my life. I recommend it to everyone and can't praise it enough.

"I send you my own and my baby's picture. She is so sweet and good,—she is a Peruna baby. I have such good health now. I do all my housework and take care of my baby and feel so good.

"There are three or four of my neighbors using Peruna now since it did me so much good. They were just run down, and they think it is fine, it is so good to give strength."—Mrs. W. McRoberts.



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sensible view as to the use of the words Negro and Negress, which many white and some race papers are employing to describe people of African descent. I am heartily in accord with the view he expresses concerning the inappropriateness of the bastard term "Afro-American" affected by so many Negro publishers and others. As Mr. Post wisely says: "Afro-American is an affected term, Negro is a full round strong word." And I might add that Negro stands for one race while Afro-American stands for two, and that there never was, will be, or can be, an Afro-American race. Negro is good enough for me because it means something, and I will never be ashamed of it.

It seems to me that the democrats are burning daylight, gas, and electricity in a fruitless effort to elect a wobbling candidate for president and an octogenarian who can hardly hear him-

self whisper for vice-president. But they have got to make a bluff even if their hopes of winning are below zero or the freezing point. They haven't the ghost of a chance to win, and they know it. There are thousands of democrats who in their hearts believe that the eminent Judge Parker, otherwise wise and prudent, and becomingly silent, made a tactical mistake when he sent the famous telegram to Billy Sheehan, the blue-eyed statesman of Buffalo, renouncing his faith in the two platforms for which he had voted as he said in his letter to "My dear Danforth." Those who think they see straight (and Judge Parker is one of them) do not see a democratic victory in the campaign now shaping. The Judge has already made arrangements to enter upon the practice of the law after the campaign is over. Herein he is as wise as a serpent. There will be other "also runs" not so wise perhaps.

BRUCE GRIT.